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The Budget of song

Glasgow

[18--]

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THE

BUDGET OF SONG.

"Draw the sword, Scotland."

GLASGOW:
JOHN CAMERON, 45 QUEEN STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Price Twopence.

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THE

BUDGET OF SONG.

REST, WEARY TRAVELLER.

REST, weary traveller, rest thee to-day,
Where the cottager's welcome invites thee to stay;
And what to the heart is more grateful and dear,
Than the welcome that waits on the cottager's fare.

Cottager's fare!

And bright is the smile hospitality wears,
When the stranger at evening arrives at the door,
And sweet is the accent which cheerfulness bears,
Which thus bids him enter, and wander no more.

Wander no more!

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AH! WHY DID I GATHER?

Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,
And now it will perish with me.

Already its beautiful texture decays,
Already it fades on my sight;
'Tis thus that chill rancour too often o'erpowers
The moments of transient delight.

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste:
How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear,
O'er joys which we lavished in waste!

This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes,
But plucked prematurely, and placed in my breast,
It languishes, withers, and dies.

WHEN SMILES LIGHT WOMAN'S EYES.

When smiles light woman's eyes,
She cheers our bitterest sorrows:
Oh! when sweet woman sighs,
An angel's voice she borrows:
When true love breathes
Upon those wreaths

That hope is fondly twining,
Each dewy gem
That hangs on them,
With holier light is shining.
When smiles light, &c.

But mark the wretch's pangs,
By woman's falsehood blighted—
Darkly around him hangs
The spell that once delighted
The transient glow,
The ruffling brow,
'Tis mem'ry o'er him waking;
That feverish start
Betrays a heart
That silently is breaking—
Then why should woman's sighs
Their tones from angels borrow!
Oh! why should woman's eyes
Will trusting hearts to sorrow!

BELLS UPON THE WIND.

THAT heavenly voice, that heavenly voice,
When every joy has fled,
In accents soothing brings relief,
When all, save hope, is dead.
Those melting sounds, those melting sounds,
Alone can calm the mind,
Like dying sunbeams gild the scene,
Or bells upon the wind.
Bells upon, &c.

Those mellow tones, those mellow tones,
The soul desponding cheer,
Reviving joys the bosom fill,
Fresh budding hopes appear.
The drooping heart, the drooping heart,
In friendship's voice shall find
A balm, whose cheering accents thrill
Like bells upon the wind.

Bells upon, &c.

AN OLD MAN WOULD BE WOOING.

An old man would be wooing
A damsel gay and young;
But she, while he was suing,
For ever laugh'd and sung,—
"An old man, an old man,
Will never do for me,
For May and December
Can never, can never agree."

She sung till he was dozing—
A youth by fortune blest,
While Guardy's eyes were closing,
Her hand delighted pressed.

An old man, &c.

Then kneeling, trembling, creeping,
(I vow 'twas much amiss),
She watched the old man sleeping,
And gently stole a kiss.

An old man, &c.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

SAINT PATRICK was a gentleman,
He came of decent people;
In Dublin town he built a church,
And put upon't a steeple;
His father was O'Callaghan,
His mother was O'Brady
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
And his uncle an O'Grady.
Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist,
He was a Saint so clever;
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And banish'd them for ever.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle,
Where noxious varmint musters,
Where'er he put his dear fore-foot,
He murdered them in clusters.
The toads went hop, the frogs went plop-
Slop haste into the water,
And the beasts committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter.
Then success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloo,
In soups and second courses;
When blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, and open'd their eyes,
To a sense of their situation.
Then success, &c.

No wonder that our Irish boys
  Should be so free and frisky,
It was St. Patrick taught them first
  The joys of drinking whiskey;
No wonder that the Saint himself
  To taste it should be willin';
His mother kept a *shebeen*-house,
  In the town of Enniskillen.
    Then success, &c.

The Wicklow hills are very high,
  So's the hill of Howth, Sir,
But there's a hill much higher still,
  Ay, higher than them both, Sir,
'Twas on the top of this high hill
  St. Patrick preach'd his sarmint;
He drove the frogs into the bogs,
  And bother'd all the varmint.
    Then success, &c.

THE FAIRY BOY.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
  Wailing round a lonely spring,
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
  Calling on the Fairy King.
"Why with spells my child caressing,
  Courting him with fairy joy:
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
  Wherefore steal my Baby Boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
  Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flow'rs are freshly springing,
  There I wander day by day.

There I wander growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my Fairy Boy.

But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare thee well, my child, for ever!
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my Angel Boy.

WHEN THY BOSOM.

WHEN thy bosom heaves a sigh,
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart, and calm thy grief.

So the tender flow'r appears,
Drooping wet with morning tears,
Till the sunbeam's genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, it's mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,—
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd, her baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh, blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,—
And say thou wouldst rather, they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE MARINER'S SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud:
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

SCENES SO CHARMING.

As I view those scenes so charming,
With fond remembrance my heart is warming,
Of days long vanished, oh! my breast is filled with pain;
Finding objects that still remain—
While those days come not again.
As I view, &c.

Maid, those bright eyes my heart impressing
Fill my breast with thoughts distressing,
By recalling an earthly blessing long since dead and passed away;
She was like thee, ere death oppressing, sunk her beauties to decay.
Gentle maiden, &c.

MY COTTAGE NEAR ROCHELLE.

When I beheld the anchor weigh'd,
And with the shore thy image fade,
I deemed each wave a boundless sea,
That bore me still from love and thee;
I watched alone the sun decline,
And envied beams on thee to shine;
While anguish painted 'neath her spell,
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

'Mid every clime would mem'ry trace
In every scene that gentle face,—
That mute pale lip,—that parting sigh,
That one sad tear that filled thine eye!
Till fancy's dream with sweet control,
On magic wings would lift my soul,
And waft me home with thee to dwell,
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

'TIS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge unto hearts that are true,
boy, true,
The sky of this life opens o'er us,
And heaven gives a glance of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off, boy, thus,
For him but two bright eyes were shining,
See what numbers are sparkling before us.

While on one side the grape juice is dancing,
On the other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,

'Tis enough 'twixt the smiles and the glancing,
To disturb e'en a saint from his dreams.
Though this world like a river is flowing,
I cannot tell how quick it goes on, boy, on,
While on its banks the grape juice is growing,
And such eyes like the waves as they run.
'Tis when the cup, &c.

UNDER THE ROSE.

If a secret you'd keep, there is one I could tell,
Though I think from my eyes you might guess it as well;
But as it might ruffle another's repose,
Like a thorn let it be that is under the rose.
Fal, lal, la, la, lal, la.

As love in the garden of Venus one day,
Was sporting where he was forbidden to play,
He fear'd that some Sylph might his mischief disclose,
So he slily concealed himself under the rose.
Fal, lal, &c

When the likeness is found, to thy breath and thy lips,
Where honey the sweetest the summer-bee sips,
Where love, timid love, found the safest repose,
There our secret will keep, dearest, under the rose.
Fal, lal, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

TAKE hence the bowl though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection
Like shades before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by,
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die;
Till as the dream comes o'er me,
Of those long vanished years
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have these young days faded,
That even in sorrow was sweet:
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,

Where sparkles of golden splendour,
All over the surface shine?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone;
Ah! false as the dream of a sleeper,
Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope like the bird in the story
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the poor gem away.

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When sorrow herself looked bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light,
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

DRAW the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Over moor and mountain has passed the war-sign:
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing;
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.

The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
The clans they are gathering by loch and by lea;
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.
Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Charge as you've charged in the days o' langsyne,
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,
He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for dimm'd is its shine,
The foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,
And wha kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine!
The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle is over!—the victory won!
There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done!
Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine;
Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

WHAT fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody

'Tis the voice of the mermaid that floats o'er
the main,
As she mingles her song with the gondolier's
strain.

The winds are all hushed and the waters at rest,
They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast,
Till storms shall unchain them from out their
dark cave,
And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

THE PECK O' MAU'T.

O WILLIE brewed a peck o' mau't,
An' Rab an' Allan cam' to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
An' mony a night we've merry been;
An' mony mair we hope to be.
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

Thus Willie, Rab, an' Allan sang,
Thus pass'd the night wi' mirth an' glee,
An' aye the chorus, a' night lang,
Was, "As we're now we hope to be."
An' aye they sang, "We are na fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
An' aye we'll taste the barley bree."

The time for them the cock did craw,
The harbinger of morn to be;
That time for them the day did daw',
Wi' gowden light o'er tower an' tree.
An' aye they sang, &c.

That time for them the moon's pale horn
Did wax an' wane o'er lan' and sea;
But now has dawn'd the hapless morn
That gilds the grave o' a' the three.
Nae mair they'll sing, "We are na fou,"
Nae mair the drappie's in their e'e;
Nae cock does craw, nae day does daw',
Nae mair they'll "taste the barley bree."

Thus Learnin' maks for Willie maen;
For Robin, Poesy wipes her e'e;
An' Science wails for Allan gane,
Since death's dark house hauds a' the three.

Then, Britons, mourn for genius rare,
A' victims o' the barley bree;
An' ban the bree that couldna spare
The usefu' lives o' a' the three.

THE LETTER.

FARE thee well, love, now thou art going
Over the wild and trackless sea,
Smooth be the waves and fair the wind blowing,
Though to bear thee far from me.
But when on the waste of ocean,
Some happy home-bound bark you see,
Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion,
To send a letter back to me.

Think on the shore thou hast left behind thee,
Even when seeking a brighter strand,
Let not the golden glories blind thee,
Of that gorgeous Indian land:
Send me not its diamond treasures,
Nor pearls from the depths of its sunny sea,
But tell me all thy woes and pleasures,
In a long letter back to me.

But while dwelling in lands of pleasure,
Think as you bask in the bright sun-shine,
That while the lingering time I measure,
Sad and wintry hours are mine,
Slowly by my taper weeping,
And watching the spark of promise to see,
All for that bright spark my night watch keeping,
For oh! 'tis a letter, love, from thee.

To say that soon thy sail will be flowing,
Homeward to bear thee over the sea,
Calm be the waves and swift the wind blowing,
For, oh! thou art coming back to me.

OH! LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW.

Oh! leave me to my sorrow,
For my heart is oppressed to-day,
Oh! leave me, and to-morrow
Dark shadows may pass away.
There's a time when all that grieves us
Is felt with a deeper gloom;
There's a time when hope deceives us,
And we dream of bright days to come.

In winter, from the mountains,
The stream like a torrent flows;
In summer, the same fountain
Is calm as a child's repose.
Thus in grief the first pang wounds us,
And tears of despair gush on;
Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is gone.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh! come to the West, love; oh! come there with me,
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea;
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne,
Oh! come to the West and I'll make thee my own;

I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West.

The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue;
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue,
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best—
Oh! what is the south to the beautiful west!
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south.

The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting day,
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in the west;
Then come to the west where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night,
When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might,
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
Oh! doth he not haste to the beautiful west?

Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires! 'tis my own darling west.

PARTING LOOK OF SORROW.

I've seen and kiss'd that crimson lip,
With honied smiles o'erflowing;
Enchanted watch'd the op'ning rose
Upon thy soft cheek glowing.
Nor ever deemed thy beauty's spell
A purer charm could borrow,
But, oh! I had not then beheld
Thy parting look of sorrow.
Thy parting look, &c.

Although in nature's garland gay,
A thousand hues entwining,
Can one surpass the snow-white flower
Through dew-drops meekly shining,
Dear Maid, thine eyes may prove less blue,
Thy beauty fade to-morrow;
But, oh! my heart can ne'er forget
Thy parting look of sorrow.
Thy parting look, &c.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

Oh! bright the beaming queen o' night
Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
And softly sheds her silver light
O'er mountain-path and dale.

Short is the way when light's the heart,
That's bound in love's soft spell;
Sae I'll awa' to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell:
To Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes,
Beside my Jessie's cot:
We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
In that sweet rural spot.
The wee short hours danced merrily,
Like lambkins on the fell,
As if they joined in joy with me,
And Jessie o' the Dell,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
I'll love her till I dee,
For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
And kind as kind can be.
This night in mutual kind embrace,
O wha our joys can tell!
Then I'll awa to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell.
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

THEY PLACED HER HAND IN HIS.

They placed her hand in his,
And bade her love him well:
They heeded not the bitter tears
That down her pale cheek fell.
Her mother blamed her childish grief,
Her father frown'd with pride,

Her lips were mute before their choice,
And she became his bride.

Her brow was wreathed with flow'rs,
Bright gems were in her hair,
But in her young and perjur'd breast,
A dreary void was there:
She thought of him on foreign strand,
More dear than all beside,
And wept to think that she should live
To be a stranger's bride.

She dare not love him now,
Her pride and pleasure once,
Doom'd in the sacred name of wife,
The lover to renounce.
There rests a stain upon her heart,
A stain she cannot hide,
Alas! that ever she should live
To be a stranger's bride.

HURRAH! FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

HURRAH! for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands;
The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free,
Where the clouds love to rest on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;

And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet, tiny bark through the perilous night.
Then Hurrah! for the Highlands, &c.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.
Then Hurrah! for the Highlands, &c.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wandered through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,
For her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.
Then Hurrah! for the Highlands, &c.

THE WREATH.—GLEE.

FIRST VOICE.

Ye shepherds, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Have you seen my Flora pass this way?
In shape and feature beauty's queen,
In pastoral, in pastoral array.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Have you seen my Flora pass this way?
Have you seen, tell me, shepherds, have you seen,
Tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?

SECOND VOICE.

A wreath around her head, around her head, she wore,
Carnation, lily, lily, rose,
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets, and sweets her lips disclose.
Shepherds, tell me, &c.

BASS VOICE.

The beauteous, the beauteous wreath that decks her head,
Forms her description, her description true,
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks, and cheeks of rosy hue.
Shepherds, tell me, &c.

THE MANLY HEART.

THE manly heart, with love o'erflowing,
Each fairer virtue calls its own;
'Tis beauty's task, soft smiles bestowing,
To share and soothe the lover's moan.
Hail, sacred love, through heaven and earth,
Hail, sacred flame that gave us birth!

And love, the ills of life beguiling,
The soul in willing bondage leads;
And while to peace each trouble smiling,
Its potent sway all nature pleads;
Nor aught can dearer raptures prove
Than two fond hearts that truly love.
Love and truth, and truth and love,
Emulate the joys above.

OH! LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER.

Oh! life is like a Summer flower,
Blooming but to wither;
Oh! love is like an April hour,—
Tears and smiles together:
And hope is but a vapour light,
The lover's worst deceiver;
Before him now it dances bright,
And now—'tis gone for ever.

Oh! joy is but a passing ray,
Lovers' hearts beguiling;
A gleam that cheers a Winter's day,
Just a moment smiling.
But, though in hopeless, dark despair,
The thread of life should sever;
Yet, while it beats, dear maid, I swear
My heart is thine for ever.

THE HEATHER BELL.

O! deck thy hair wi' the heather bell,
The heather bell alone;

Leave roses to the lowland maid,
The lowland maid alone.
I've seen thee wi' the gay, gay rose,
And wi' the heather bell,—
I love you much with both, fair maid;
But wear the heather bell:
For the heather bell, the heather bell,
Which breathes the mountain air,
Is far more fit than roses gay
To deck thy flowing hair.

Away, away, ye roses gay,
The heather bell for me;
Fair maiden, let me hear thee say,
The heather bell for me.
Then twine a wreath o' the heather bell,
The heather bell alone;
Nor rose nor lily twine ye there—
The heather bell alone:
For the heather bell, the heather bell,
Which breathes the mountain air,
Is far more fit than roses gay
To deck thy flowing hair.

I'M ONE OF THE CHAPS WOT SINGS.

(Air—"The Devil and Little Mike.")

No doubt a song you've heard,
How greatly it delights;
It comprises, in a word,
The luck of a "cove what writes!"

Now I've a song so true,
(My mind to truth it clings:)
And I'm going to tell to you
The luck of a cove wot sings!
Tol de rol, &c.

In a garret I showed my nob,
Near Earl-street, Seven Dials;
My father was a snob,
And my mother dealt in vials.
But my mind took higher flights,
I hated low life things!
Made friends with a cove wot writes,
And now I'm a chap wot sings.
Tol de rol, &c.

When at singing I made a start,
Some said my voice was fine;
I tried a serious part,
But turned to the comic line.
I found out that was the best,
Some fun it always brings;
To the room it gives a zest,—
And it suits a cove wot sings.
Tol de rol, &c.

To a concert, ball, or rout,
Each night I'm asked to go;
I gets my toggery down the spout,
And I cut no DIRTY SHOW.
I goes up to the music, all right,
At the lads a hawk's eye flings,
Gets my lush free all the night,
Because I'm a cove wot sings.
Tol de rol, &c.

If I go to take a room,
There wants no talk or stuff;
'Bout a reference they don't ume,
My word is quite enough.
For my money they don't care a sous,
The landlady kind looks flings;
She's proud to have in her house
A gentleman wot sings.
Tol de rol, &c.

Each day so well I fare,
On each thing good so fine;
In the *Grub way* well I share,
For I always go out to dine.
And those who ask me so free,
Plenty of their friends brings,
They come for miles, d'ye see,
To hear the chap wot sings.
Tol de rol, &c.

While strolling t'other night,
I dropped in at a house, d'ye see,
The landlord so polite,
Insisted on treating me.
I called for a glass of port,
When *half a bottle* he brings:
"How much?" "Nothing of the sort,"
Says he, "you're a cove wot sings."
Tol de rol, &c.

Now my song is at an end,
My story through I've run;
And all that I intend,
Is to cause a morsel of fun.

If I succeed, that's right,
There's a pleasure pleasing brings;
And I'll try some other night,
The luck of a cove wot sings.
Tol de rol, &c.

YOUNG SUSAN HAD LOVERS.

YOUNG Susan had lovers, so many, and she
Hardly knew upon which to decide;
They all spoke sincerely, and promised to be
So worthy of such a sweet bride.
In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then
The noon would be spent with young Harry;
The evening with Tom—so amongst all the men,
She never could tell which to marry.
Heigho! I'm afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous, and so went away—
Harry got tired of wooing;
And Tom, having teased her to fix on the day,
Received but a frown for so doing.
So amongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
She pined every night on her pillow;
And meeting a pair one day going to church,
Turn'd away, and died under a willow.
Heigho! I'm afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

Should he upbraid, I'll own that he'd prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale;
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
As morning roses tipp'd with balmy dew;
Should he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
And dance, and play, and wrinkled Care beguile.

DULCE DOMUM.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft sought by travellers weary;
And long it proved the blessed abode
Of Edward and of Mary.
For her he chased the mountain goat,
O'er Alps and glaciers bounding;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding.
But evening come,
He sought his home,
And, anxious, lovely woman,
She hail'd his sight,
And every night,
The cottage rung,
As they sung,
Oh, dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss,
Was changed to prospects dreary;
For war and honour roused each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.

To bold St. Gothard's height he rushed,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
And, by unequal numbers crushed,
He died, his land defending.
The evening come,
He sought not home;
While she, distracted woman,
Goes wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead,
And hears the knell
That bids farewell
To dulce, dulce domum.

SILENT NYMPH WITH SILVERY WINGS.

SILENT nymph with silvery wings,
Hither from thy bower stray;
I will show thee choicest things,
Where the water sun-beams play

AIR.

In a nautilus we will glide
O'er the cold and limpid tide;
From whose surface fathoms through,
Thou my crystal halls shalt view;
Where, through groves of coral, we
Dance to naiads' minstrelsy.
Round about our coral throne,
Melodies of dulcet tone;
They do strike on pearly shells
Tun'd by water fairies' spells.
Silent nymph, and so will we
Dance to their sweet minstrelsy.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of Summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them!
Thus kindly I scatter,
The leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie wither'd.
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Far lone, amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur;
By rocky dens and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander;

The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass of Arranteenie,

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony:
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower of Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean;
There av'rice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion.
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass of Arranteenie.

HER CHEEK WAS OF THE ROSE'S DYE.

Her cheek was of the rose's dye,
Her lip the ruby's hue,
And once her soft celestial eye
Beamed heaven's own brilliant hue;
Her raven tresses floated o'er
A brow of stainless snow,
Her smiles of sweet enchantment wore,
Joy's captivating glow.

But now alas the rose is fled,
The lily triumphs there,

And lingers o'er that beauteous head,
The withering blight of care;
A shade upon that brow is seen,
A sadness in that eye,
That 'trancing smile, that joyous mien,
Have flown for ever by.

'Tis pain to read in ev'ry trace,
The omens of decay,
'Tis grief to mark each youthful grace,
Thus early flee away;
But vain, oh vain, is human art,
To lighten her despair,
Deep in her chilled and broken heart,
Love's monument is there.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME?

Do you ever think of me, love; do you ever think of me,
When I'm far away from thee, love, with my barque upon the sea?
My thoughts are ever turning to thee where'er I roam,
And my heart is ever yearning for the quiet scenes of home.
Then tell me, do you ever, when my barque is on the sea,
Give a thought to him who never can cease to think of thee?

When sailing o'er the billow, do you think I can forget
The streamlet and the willow beneath whose shade we met?

No! I fancy thou art near me, and I often
breathe a sigh,
When the waves alone can hear me, and the
winds alone reply.
Then tell me, &c.

HER EYES WITH HER PALE HAND ARE SHADED.

Her eyes with her pale hand are shaded,
The bloom of her beauty is faded,
And loose hang the dark locks that aided
By contrast the snow of her brow.
Her dream of enjoyment is over,
She seeks the fond smile of her lover;
Alas! he assumed it to cover
The cold frown repulsing her now.
The cold frown, &c.

She weeps o'er the trinkets he gave her,
Bright lures that made innocence waver;
The golden chains meant to enslave her,
Are broken—she throws them aside
She thinks of her home and its bowers,
Where spring strew'd the earliest flowers,
Too late for youth's happier hours,
She mourns in her palace of pride.
She mourns, &c.

ROW THEE WEEL, MY BONNIE, &c.

Now row thee weel, my bonnie built wherry,
I've rowed thee lang, and with thee been merry;
I've rowed thee late, and I've rowed thee early,
I've row'd o'er the firth Lochiel and Prince
Charlie.

Then row, row thee, my bonnie built wherry,
Then row thee weel, my bonnie built wherry,
Row, row thee, my bonnie built wherry,
I've row'd thee lang, and with thee been merry.

My wherry was built for the gallant and brave,
She dances sae light o'er the bonnie white wave;
She dances sae light through the cloud and the haze,
And steers by the light of the watch-fire blaze.
Then row, row thee, &c.

But a' that I loved on earth is gane,
And I and my wherry are left alane,
The blast is blawn that bore them awa',
But there is a day that's coming for a'.
Then row, row thee, &c.

THE BRIDAL STAR.

His white plume o'er the mountain streams,
My heart throbs with delight,
His corslet in the sunshine beams—
He comes, my peerless knight.
The banquet spread and music bring
From holy land afar;
His lady love shall welcome sing,
And touch her gay guitar,
The banquet spread, &c.

While songs of mirth and pastime strains
Are breathing soft around,
Hail, vassals, hail, till yonder plains
His welcome home resound.

I'll deck myself in all my best,
And wear my bridal star—
And now, he's laid his lance at rest,
I'll touch my gay guitar.
The banquet spread, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN ROSE.

THE moon is bright, her beauty cheers
The sky, the earth, the sea, lassie, O;
As fair as her young light appears,
Still fairer thou to me, bonnie lassie, O.

For thou art kind, as the summer wind
Which o'er each floweret blows,
And wafts the breath from bells of the heath,
My blooming mountain rose.

My blooming mountain rose,
My blooming mountain rose;
And wafts the breath from bells of the heath,
My blooming mountain rose.

Yon moon its light no more may dart,
With thee still joy will be, lassie, O,
For the peace and hopes that cheer my heart,
Are center'd all in thee, bonnie lassie, O
And thou art kind, &c.

Should clouds steal o'er thee for a while,
Hope's star will break the gloom, lassie, O;
And, as the flower resumes its smile,
More bright will be thy bloom, bonnie lassie, O.
Be thou still kind, &c.

CARE, THOU CANKER OF OUR JOYS.

Care, thou canker of our joys,
Now thy tyrant reign is o'er;
Fill the mystic bowl, my boys,
Join in Bacchanalian roar!

Seize the villain, plunge him in;
See, the hated miscreant dies!
Mirth and all thy train, come in,
Shut our sorrow, tears, and sighs!

O'er our merry midnight bowls,
Oh! how happy we shall be!
Day was made for vulgar souls,
Night, my boys, for you and me!

OH! THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE TOWN.

Oh! they marched through the town with their banners so gay,
And I ran to the casement to hear the band play;
And I peep'd through the blind very cautiously then,
Lest the neighbours should say that I looked at the men.
Oh! I heard not the tune, though the music was sweet,
For my eyes at the time had a much greater treat;
For the troop was the finest that e'er I did see,
And the captain by chance caught a sly glimpse at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought it right,

To pretend that we never had met till that night;
But he knew me at once, I perceived by his glance,
And I looked down and blushed when he asked me to dance.
Oh! I sat by his side at the close of the set,
And the sweet words he breathed I shall never forget,
Oh! my heart was enlisted, and could not get free;
And the captain by chance caught a sly glance at me.

CHILDE HAROLD'S SONG.

Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets along the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee;
My native land—good night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is mine own good hall,
The hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
So merrily along.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind:
For I am from my father gone,
And mother whom I love;
I have no friend save these alone,
But thee,—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh,
Till I come back again."—
Enough, enough, my little lad,
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

Come hither, hither, my staunch yoeman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou fear a French foeman,
Or shiver at the gale?
"Dream'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek,

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake;
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"
Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh smiles will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils hovering near;
My greatest grief is, that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm on the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others moan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will howl in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And, when ye fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
My native land, good night!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure—how dear the dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

WINE FROM ROSY GOBLETS.

Wine from rosy goblets streaming,
Wins the soul to bliss and love;
Mortals, quit your sober dreaming,
Now let brighter visions rove,
Raise the goblet quaffing pleasure,
Let the beam of gladness play;
Here we seek not care or treasure,
Joy shall rule our hearts to-day.

Let Content in smiles play o'er us,
Sportive Bacchus leads us on;

Here we mark true joys before us,
Which to-morrow may be gone.
Raise the goblet, &c.

Here's to every bright-eyed maiden,
Here's to lovely beauty's power;
May they ever live unfading
In our hearts a blooming flower.
Raise the goblet, &c.

Here's to friends who ne'er may meet us,
Fondly seen in memory's glow;
May they still in friendship greet us;
Here's to those that greet us now.
Raise the goblet, &c.

Now, in silence,—here, in mourning,
Drink remembrance to each soul
Gone to darkness,—ne'er returning,
While a tear-drop decks the bowl.
Raise the goblet, &c.

But let us fly from thoughts and sadness,
Lightly pass o'er sorrow's tear,
Now we seek but smiles and gladness,
Wine and pleasure rule us here.
Raise the goblet, &c.

THE PILOT.

When lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
While roaring waves each other whelm,
The hardy pilot takes the helm.
He puts to sea, resolved to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
And to the foundering vessel steers,
He loudly hails the exhausted crew.
Who, cheered by him, their toils renew,
And bless the pilot come to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pump with double force,
He calmly points the helmsman's course,
His steady orders all obey—
And now the vessel on her way,
Pursues the pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep,
She struggling rides the angry deep;
In smoother waters soon she sails,
The crew huzza, then warmly hails
The hardy pilot, bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

O! WHEREFORE WEEP, MY SISTER DEAR.

O! WHEREFORE weep, my sister dear,
For truth and innocence are thine?
O! cloud not with a falling tear
A cheek where artless graces shine;
Let others weep, remorse who fear,
But weep not thou, my sister dear.

I love thee well, my sister fair,
Thy bosom does my love return,
Thy sorrows, then, O! let me share,
I cannot bear to see thee mourn;
Let others weep, reproof who fear,
But weep not thou, my sister dear

My sister dear, O! smile once more,
I love to see thy laughing eye:
My comfort in thy smiles restore,
And thine my music shall supply;
Thy tuneful voice I love to hear,
But weep no more, my sister dear.

WHA WAD NA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

WHA wad na fight for Charlie,
Wha wad na draw the sword
Wha wad na up and rally,
At the Royal Prince's word.
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
Think on foreign foes repelled!
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Wha the proud usurpers quelled.
Then wha wad na fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing,
See Glengarry and Lochiel,
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing,
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Now our Prince has rais'd his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish Lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws.
Then wha wad na fight for Charlie, &c.

THE SUN ITS BRIGHT RAYS.

THE sun its bright rays may withhold, love,
Unreflected the moon-beams may be;
But ne'er, till this bosom is cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee;

For thou art the joy of my heart, love,
Thy beauty all beauties outvie:
And ere with thine image I'd part, love,
Thy lover, thy husband, would die.

The spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
To autumn's sad colourless hue;
And winter like summer may burn, love,
Ere cease my fond ardour for you.
For thou art the joy, &c.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leav'd shamrock, in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh! how I'll weave my spells,
I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense, such triumph is but cold;
But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss around,
Oh! not a tear nor aching heart should in the world be found, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour, I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estrang'd and friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams, and mingle as of old;

Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart, should in the world be found, should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanish'd dreams of love,
Should see them all returning, like Noah's faithful dove,
And hope should launch her blessed bark on sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And misery's children have an ark, and sav'd from sinking be;
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart, should in the world be found, should in the world be found.

THE GIPSY KING.

'Tis I'm the Gipsy King,
And where is the king like me?
No trouble my dignities bring,
No other is half so free!
In my kingdom there is but one table,
All my subjects partake of my cheer;
We would all drink champagne were we able,
As it is we have plenty of beer.
For I am, &c.

A king and a true one am I,
No courtier or minister near;
I see every thing with my own eye,
And hear every thing with my own ear.

No conspiracy I apprehend.
Among brothers and equals I rule;
We all help both to gain and to spend,
And get drunk when the measure is full.
For I am, &c.

I confess that I am but a man,
My failings who pleases may know;
I'm fond of my girl and my can,
And jolly companions a row!
My subjects are all kind to me,
They don't grudge me the largest glass,
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
At this moment the prettiest lass!
For I am, &c.

Ne'er a king do I envy, nor keyser,
That sits on a golden throne;
And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,
Here's a sceptre and ball of my own!
To sit all night through in a crown,
I've a notion my can it would freeze;
So I pull my old night-cap down,
And tipple and smoke at my ease.
For I am, &c.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee:
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;

And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell.
I give thee all, &c.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away;
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
If ever Care his discord flings
O'er life's enchanted strain,
Let Love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again.
I give thee all, &c.

MARCH AWAY, MARCH AWAY, &c.

MARCH away, march away, buckler and bonnet blue,
War cry's wild echo responds from each heart;
On to the battle field, victory smiles on you,
Cling to the claymore till death shall you part.
Wildly the pibroch o'er mountain is pealing,
Waking each proud soul to glory;
On then, brave Scotland, thy death-blows fast dealing,
Shall perish the foemen before ye.
March away, march away, &c.

Then shall the glance from soft beauty's eye beaming,
Welcome the love and the laurel he wears;

Then shall the goblet on festal board streaming,
Pledge the proud victor and deeds that he dares.
O'er moor and mountain where war steeds are [prancing,
Lies ev'ry hope that ye cherish,
Strike then for Freedom, each strong arm advancing,
And win the proud glory or perish.
March away, march away, &c.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Funny and free are a bachelor's revelries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys—O, this is the bachelor's fare.

A wife's like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread;
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead.
Old wives are, too, devils, haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils, raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.

Thro' such folly days, once sweet holidays,
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife,
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
Always perplexing and vexing one's life.

Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule;
Girls, through foolishness, passion, or mulishness,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool;
Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate
All that your busy pate hoarded with care:
Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity
Equals in quality Bachelor's fare.

THE SPRING-TIME OF YEAR IS COMING.

The Spring-time of year is coming, coming,
Birds are blithe and gay,
Insects bright are humming, humming,
And all the world is May, love,
And all the world is May.

The glorious sun is brighter,
The balmy air is lighter;
Ev'n woman, when we meet her,
In this sweet time is sweeter.
The Spring-time, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
With fragrance from the balmy grove,
And youthful swains are telling, telling,
Their happy tales of love, of love,
Their happy tales of love.

Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,
Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill;
Spring causes men and maids to meet,
And doth with joy all nature fill.
The Spring-time, &c.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

THROUGH the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,
Search every hollow, and dingle, and dell,
I leave not a print of a footstep behind me,
So those who would seek me must seek for me well.
Look in the lily-bell, ruffle the rose,
Under the leaves of the violet peep;
Lull'd by a zephyr, in cradles like those,
All the day long you may find me asleep.
Through, &c.

When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me,
Singing farewell to his rays as they fade,
But as soon as the step of a mortal is near me,
I take to my wings and fly off to the shade.
Through, &c.

Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,
Look in the lily-bell, ruffle the rose;
Through the woods, through the woods, seek till you find me,
Haste, for at nightfall the blossoms will close:
Follow, follow, follow and find me.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower
And gather'd sweets from many a flower,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
Young Love, &c.
The Graces there were culling posies,
The Graces, &c.
And found Young Love among the Roses.

O happy day! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of every flower;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever,
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses.
Young Love, &c.

DUMBARTON'S BONNIE DELL.

THERE'S ne'er a nook in a' the land
That William rules sae well,
There's naething half sae canty, grand,
As blythe Dumbarton's dell;
[And would you speer the reason why,
The truth I'll fairly tell,
A winsom lassock lives hard by
Dumbarton's bonnie dell.]

Up by yon glen Loch Lomond laves,
Where bold M'Gregors dwell;
And bogles dance o'er heroes' graves,
There lives Dumbarton's belle:

[She's blest with ev'ry charm in life,
And this I know full well—
I'll ne'er be happy till my wife
Is blythe Dumbarton's belle.]

OH! LADY FAIR.

Oh! lady fair, where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.

Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.

And who's that man, with his white locks flowing,
Oh, lady fair, where is he going?

A wandering pilgrim, weak I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

Fair lady, rest till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Ah, stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.

Then, pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Good stranger, while my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.

Strew then, oh, strew our bed of rushes,
Here we must rest till morning blushes.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR!

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea!
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

Oft, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave, toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think it leads to some bright isle of rest.

I'VE LIVED TO HEAR YOUR WEDDING BELLS

I've lived to hear your wedding bells,
The sound my heart's last hope dispels;
Yet may you be from sorrow free,
When those sweet bells shall toll for me.

Unseen within the rustic porch,
I saw you pace the village church;
I saw you kneeling by his side,
When one more happy claimed his bride,
I've lived to hear, &c.

And many friends with fond caress
Came near the lovely bride to bless;
I stood aloof, you heard not then
The murmur of my deep amen.
I've lived to hear, &c.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

A FAIR girl was sitting in a green wood shade
List'ning to the music the spring birds made,
When, sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,
A voice murmur'd near her, "Oh! come, love, with me.
In earth or air, a thing so fair, I have not seen as thee,
Then come, love, come, love, with me.

With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
I will show thee the birth-place of jewels and gold,
And pearly caves, beneath the waves, all these, all these are thine,
If thou wilt be mine, love, if thou wilt be mine."

Thus whisper'd a fairy to tempt a fair girl,
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl;
For she said, "Though thy gifts to a poor girl be dear,
My father, my mother, my sisters are here,
Oh! what would be thy gifts to me of earth, sea, and air,
If my heart were not there, if my heart were not there."

THE SUN HIS BRIGHT RAYS.

The sun his bright rays may withhold, love,
Unreflected the moonbeams may be;
But ne'er till this bosom be cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee;
For thou art the joy of my heart, love,
All beauties thy beauties outvie;
And sooner than with thee I'd part, love,
Thy lover, thy lover would die.

The Spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
To Autumn's sad colourless hue;
The Winter like Summer may burn, love,
Ere it cool my fond ardour for you.
For thou art the joy, &c.

THE LAND! THE LAND! FOR ME.

I've been upon the moonlit deep,
When the wind had died away,
And like an Ocean god asleep,
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of midnight's queen,
The land! the land! for me.
When bathed in light of midnight's queen,
The land! the land! for me.

The glancing waves I've glided o'er,
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The zephyr 'mong the trees,

The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill,
The land! the land! for me.
The song of birds on every hill,
The land! the land! for me.

The billows I have been among
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around her heaving bark;
But give me when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce,
The land! the land! for me.
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce,
The land! the land! for me.

And when around the lightning flash'd
I've been upon the deep,
And to the gulf beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There let me ever be;
The sea let others wander o'er,
The land! the land! for me.
The sea let others wander o'er,
The land! the land! for me.

THE MORNING DREAM.

The eye of weeping
Had closed in sleeping,
And I dream'd a bright dream of night,

And that sweet dreaming
Had all the seeming
Of truth in a softer light:
I saw thee, smiling,
And light, beguiling,
Beam'd soft from that eye of thine,
As in a bower,
You own'd love's power,
And fondly vow'd thou wouldst be mine.

The dream deceiv'd me;
For I believ'd thee,
In sleep as in waking hours,
But even slumber
Few joys could number,
While resting in dreamy bow'rs:
For soon my waking
The soft spell breaking,
I found fancy false as you;
'Twas darkness round me,
The night-dream round me,
And I knew the dream was *then* untrue.

Again I slumber'd,
And woes unnumber'd,
Weigh'd on my aching heart,
Thy smile had vanish'd,
And I was banish'd,
For ever doom'd to part,
From sleep I started,
All broken-hearted—
The morn shone as bright as you;
The lark's sweet singing
My heart's knell ringing,
For I knew the morning dream was true

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

THE HIGHLAND ROSE.

When spring with fair and smiling mien,
Came o'er this vale of ours—
And clad again in native green,
Trees, shrubs, and blooming flowers,
I felt my heart grow young again,
Forgotten were my woes,
As bounding o'er the verdant plain,
I met my bonnie rose.
My bonnie Highland rose—
My bonnie Highland rose,
When bounding o'er the verdant plain,
I met my Highland rose.

My cares, like winter's withered leaf,
Had fallen from joy's blossom,
And much I wondered then that grief
Could ever chill my bosom.
Around me ev'ry thing was gay;
And from her long repose
Fair nature hailed the happy day
With smiles like thine, sweet rose.
My bonnie Highland rose—
My bonnie Highland rose,
Fair nature hailed the happy day
With smiles like thine, sweet rose.

When truth has made the heart its shrine,
Whatever change may come—
Be sure a bosom pure as thine,
For peace will find a home.
For me 'twill be the dearest pride,
My fond heart ever knows,

That fortune gave so fair a bride,
As thee my bonnie rose.
My bonnie Highland rose—
My bonnie Highland rose,
That fortune gave so fair a bride,
As thee my bonnie rose.

THE ARABY MAID.

AWAY on the wings of the wind she flies,
Like a thing of life and light,
And she bounds beneath the eastern skies,
And the beauty of eastern night.

Why so fast drives the bark through the ocean's foam?
Why wings she so speedy a flight?
'Tis an Araby maid who hath left her home
To fly with her Christian knight.

She hath left her sire and her native land,
The land which from childhood she trod,
And hath sworn by the pledge of her beautiful hand,
To worship the Christian's God.

Then away, then away, oh! swift be thy flight,
'Twere death one moment's delay,
For behind there is many a blade glancing bright;
Then away, away, away.

They are safe in the land where love is divine,
In the land of the free and the brave;
They have knelt at the foot of the holy shrine—
Nought can sever them now but the grave.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye,
Shun danger, and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet, oh! I can tell
How fatal the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile,
For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale
Her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

ANSWER TO KATE KEARNEY.

Oh, yes! I have seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives near the Lake of Killarney;
From her love-beaming eye
What mortal can fly,
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney?

For that eye, so seducingly beaming,
Assures me of mischief she's dreaming;
And I feel 'tis in vain
To fly from the chain
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve, when I've met this Kate Kearney
On the flower-mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart
Thrilling joy to my heart,
As I gazed on the charming Kate Kearney.

On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I've felt the keen smart
Of love's fatal dart,
And inhal'd the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

MARY LEE.

I HAVE traced the valleys fair,
In May morning's dewy air,
My bonny Mary Lee!
Wilt thou deign the wreath to wear,
Gather'd all for thee?
They are not flow'rs of pride,
For they grac'd the dingle side,
Yet they grew in heav'n's smile,
My gentle Mary Lee!
Can they fear thy frowns the while,
Can they fear thy frowns the while,
Can they fear thy frowns the while.
Though offered all by me?

Here's the orchis just in bud,
Spring's fair beauty in its hood,
My bonny Mary Lee!
'Tis the first in all the wood
I could find for thee.
Though a blush is scarcely seen,
Yet it hides its worth within,
Like my love, for I've no pow'r,
My angel Mary Lee!
To speak, unless the flow'r
Can plead excuse for me,
I've no pow'r to speak, unless the flow'r
Can plead excuse for me.

Here's the violet's modest blue,
That 'neath the hawthorn hides from view,
My bonny Mary Lee!
It would prove whose heart is true,
The while he thinks of thee:
Though they choose each lowly spot,
Yet the sun disdains them not:
I'm as lowly too, indeed,
My charming Mary Lee!
So I've brought these flow'rs to plead,
So I've brought these flow'rs to plead,
So I've brought these flow'rs to plead,
And win a smile from thee.

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